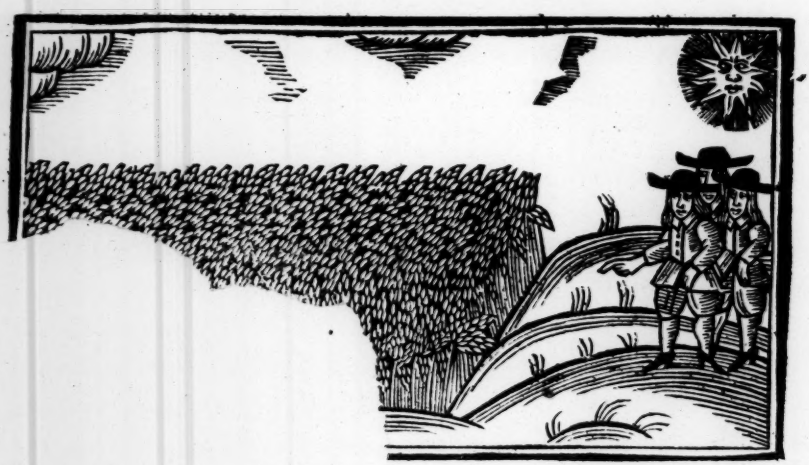
LXXIX

God's great and vvonderful vvork in Somerſet-ſhire,

the charitable Farmer miraculouſly Rewarded

Happening at *Welling* within three miles of the City of *Wells* this laſt Harveſt, where an honeſt Godly Farmer having ſold moſt part of this laſt Summer and Winter great quantities of Corn to the poor in their diſtreſs at five or ſix ſhillings the Buſhel, when the Market price was ten and eleven ſhillings; for which he was much derided and ſcoft at by his Rich Neighbours, he was recompenſed by an extraordinary crop of Wheat, the like was never before heard; of each ſtalk of ſtraw having divers full large ears, ſome nine, ten, and thirteen, but generally ten ears on every ſtraw throughout the field which was ten Acres and upwards; of which ears are to be ſeen at divers Coffy-houſes by the Royal Exchange, and at other places in *London*, Publiſhed as a grateful acknowledgement to the goodneſs of Providence, and to ſtir up all into Faith in God, and charity towards their poor Neighbours from the conſideration of ſo Remarkable an example.

The tune is aim not too High.



Some being put to ſuch great want and need
on peaſe and beans like horſes they did feed,
Poor little children ſtands with weeping eyes
and few there is that doth regard their cryes,

In Somerſet-ſhire an honeſt man do dwell
who always loved poor people very well,
When ſome beguile widow and fatherleſs
this man relieved many in diſtreſs.

When wheat was ſold at Markets round about
for ten or eleven ſhillings a ſtrike throughout,
Unto the poor this man he did not grudge
to ſel for five and ſix his love was ſuch.

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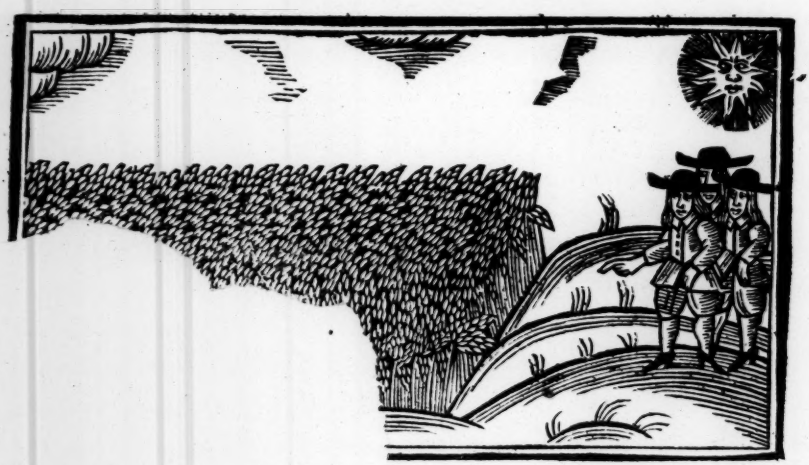

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The ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

Which made poꝛ people flock to him a main
foꝛ half their charge with bꝛead he did maintain
Beſides what he could ſpare he freely gave
unto the pooꝛ they need not ſtand to crave.

Foꝛ which ſome rich men envied him full ſoꝛe
and ſaid he ſimply parted with his ſtoꝛe,
And told him plainly if he'd not given o're
he might be forc't to beg from doꝛ to doꝛ

To which this good Samritan did ſay
I ſhall not want foꝛ this another day;
For when the Lord doth ſend man bleſſings ſtoꝛe
he is no moꝛe then Guard foꝛ the pooꝛ.

Beſides quoth he Scripture it doth Recoꝛd
he which gives to the poꝛ lends to the Loꝛd,
And God above will pay him ten times moꝛe
then what in charity he gave the poꝛ.

And now to ſee the mercies of the Lord
what love he to his ſervants doth afoꝛd,
A wonder ſtrange I'm going now to name
it will amaze ye all to hear the ſame.

Foꝛ this ſame man had ſuch a crop of wheat
the like no moꝛtal man befoꝛe did reap,
Nine, ten, eleven, and thirteen ears it yield
On every ſtalk or ſtraw throughout the field.

Ten akers and above of this ſame ground
that bare this wheat the like not to be found.
The Coꝛn is good and heavy in the head
and eats as well as any's made in bꝛead.

In threſhing now they find ſo much in ſtoꝛe
as ere they did in ten years crops beforе,
It makes all ſtand amazed foꝛ to ſee
how God has bleſſed this mans charity.

Hundꝛeds of people round about there came
to ſee this wonder that heard of its Fame,
Both old and young both rich and poꝛ both cry
the like was never ſeen with moꝛtal eye.

Look on the Picture and bear take a view
of this ſame pattern which is carved true,
It plainly ſhews the ſeveral ears that grew
upon one ſtraw believe foꝛ it is true.

You covetous miſers which doth grip & grind
the poꝛ, which can of you no favour find
Poꝛ labourers that woꝛks hard day and night
to ſtop their wages many takes delight.

And you that has great yearly rents come in
to love the pooꝛ tis high time to begin,
Do good with what the Lord hath given to thee
and God above will thy Rewarder be.

But pꝛide & Taberns now has all the gain
and poꝛ mens cryes in heart they do diſdain,
How many pounds do ſome ſpend on a whoꝛe
and will not give one ſhilling to the poꝛ.

So to conclude of this here I have pen'd
hoping the truth does no body offend,
But keep in mind ſtill what to you I ſay
the King and begger both are lumps of clay.

By *L. W.*

FINIS.

With Allowance.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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